THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Vol. XII SEPTEMBER, 1925 No. 9

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The Farmer's Wife Writes a Poem

Annie Pike Greenwood

When I was young, I used to write—and so I shall again—
(But I must start the fire at once, for dinner for the men.)

I'll write about last night—the clouds were billowing up the sky—
(I cannot get the oven hot enough to bake this pie.)

The moon was like a wistful bride, so tender and so true—
(These biscuits will be just the thing to serve with chicken stew.)

As through the aisle of clouds she went, her veil a floating mist—
(Barb-wire, Joe? Don't cry, my boy,—I'll idoine your wrist.)

Where was I?—When I wash these towels, and mix that batch of dough,
And wash the dinner dishes, sweep and mop, and when I hoe
The garden, churn the butter, bake a cake, and when I sew
These sugar sacks into a dress, and that new shirt for Joe,
And iron these clothes, and make some jam, and help the men to mow,—
We cannot get the help we need to cut the hay, you know—
And when I've staked tomato plants so that the wind can't blow
Them over—then if it isn't time to cook again, I'll surely go
And write that poem!

LAKE PHOEBE, BIG COTTONWOOD CANYON,
BY ALFRED LAMBOURNE.

THE
Relief Society Magazine

Vol. XII SEPTEMBER, 1925 No. 9

The Bible and Emily Post

By Agnes Bostonne

If only there were more Christianity in the world there would be less need of the numerous books on etiquette. Even Emily Post's, the latest and best of them all, would be useless. But inasmuch as we are slow in putting into daily use the Christian virtues of kind-heartedness and thoughtfulness for others we have to go to libraries or write to newspapers to find out how courtesy and love demand that we should treat our fellowmen. The books most in demand in all city libraries are those on etiquette. In the Cincinnati public library, the first instruction given to the library student is the location of the shelf on which such books are kept. Long experience has shown that they will be in daily and hourly demand. One of Mr. Hearst's most popular departments in the *New York Journal,* a paper of a daily circulation of over a million, is the one to which any reader is free to write for advice on matters of politeness. A great benefactor of mankind is Ruth Ashmore, in the *Ladies' Home Journal,* who for years gave most sensible advice to young women and their mothers on the social conduct of life. The undying demand of library, newspaper, and magazine readers for first aid to the so-called ignorant and ill-bred is a libel on our every day Christianity. Etiquette means nothing but a ticket, putting the right brand or ticket on ourselves; politeness is nothing but a Greek word for citified manners, manners that mark emancipation from the country bumpkin; courtesy is nothing but a French word which indicates the way that royal people treat one another; that is, the way people conduct themselves at Court; while good breeding is a superb old Saxon word for a person who has cultivated manners; that is, who has given time and thought to his daily conduct and so instinctively has grown into the habit of well developed consideration of the human rights of others. Now we certainly all have received the Christian brand from our Church; we have

the Christian polish or politeness that distinguishes us from the beast of the field; we have, supposedly, noble, royal Christian souls, and we have had, from our childhood up, the habit of Christian culture and breeding. But in spite of all this we keep calling for books of etiquette and advice from Mr. Hearst in matters in which the Christian promptings of our heart should reign alone.

If we listened to these promptings we should write more letters. All of us have had friends leave for a foreign mission and yet the steamer letter is the rarest letter that we write. Etiquette as well as friendship demands that we make some recognition of the new dignity of our missionary friend. He has been exalted to the rank of a world traveler, a world student and a world teacher. He sees around him when he arrives on the steamer his fellow passengers with stacks of mail and wonders why so few of his home people have had the thoughtfulness to wish him god speed in writing, to recognize his new worth, even to flatter his self-esteem in his new calling. He wonders why his home town people have not had the Christian impulse to treat him to letters as liberally as his fellow passengers have been treated by their friends. You can take it as a rule of life, upheld by worldly etiquette and Christian feeling, that it is your duty to write a steamer letter to any friend or acquaintance of yours who sails for Europe for the first time. Find out the date of his sailing and the name of his ship and port and then write him the happiest, most joyous, most newsy, most unselfish, most human and congratulatory letter you know how to compose, and he will send you warm waves of grateful feeling every day from the Atlantic as he reads and re-reads your letter. Steamer letters are read to pieces, and those who get them have always time to answer them, for an ocean voyage is the most leisurely interval in a man's life.

The most elementary Christian impulse we have is that of gratitude for kindness. We all think we know enough to say thank you, at least, and yet there are many who put off or neglect entirely this most Christian duty, or what is almost as bad their manner of thanking lacks distinction and grace. This is bad enough in a man, but unpardonable in a woman. A young girl announced her engagement one Christmas. All her fiance's men friends showed her courtesies and bade her welcome to their friendship. Some who were strangers sent flowers to show their congratulations. The girl, however, instead of writing a note of thanks to these strangers sent verbal thanks by her husband-to-be. She should have had Christianity enough, even if deficient in good breeding, to think out for herself that these men friends wished to be her friends, that they were giving her evidence of

their kindly feeling toward her and that the occasion demanded of her a formal recognition of their kindness. They had exerted themselves to be kind and thoughtful to her, why should she not at least exert herself to the point of writing a note. The same principle holds true of brides. Every wedding present from outside the family should have its note of thanks. Even if the bride has never seen the giver she must write him and thus show Christian gratitude for his kindness and joy at the opportunity of getting to know, even if only by letter, her husband's friends. A woman, especially a bride, is judged by her notes. A bride came to our town once and waited about two months before she wrote her wedding thank-you's. We knew just where to place that bride socially. Her whole past history was in that note. The long waiting meant that she was ill-bred or an imperfect Christian, the two terms are synonymous, while the lack of personality in the note when it did come indicated that both in English and in good taste her training had been defective. Some people will even wait weeks to say thanks for your Christmas gifts, in spite of the fact that telephones and mails are constantly at their service. A gift from a distance has to receive a written thank-you and the quicker it is sent the more appreciation it shows.

The importance of the note with strangers is well illustrated in one of Inez Haynes Irwin's stories. A young brother has asked and received permission to bring home to dinner a young woman whose acquaintance he has just made and whom his orphan sisters do not yet know. His conversation is most revealing.

"I'm going to see her tonight," Roland went on. "I'll invite her."

"Well, she's a queer kind of a girl, Roly, if she'd come on your invitation," Ann remarked in a superior tone. "Wait, I'll write her a note."

After writing the note. "There." she said at last in a tone of satisfaction, "I'll read it. 'My dear Miss Barton: My sisters and I will be delighted if you will dine informally with us Sunday the eighteenth. Dinner is served at two o'clock. Very Sincerely yours, Ann Ollivant.' How's that?"

"Just right," approved her sister.

"There, now I guess she'll know we are nice people," said Ann with satisfaction, sealing it and handing it to her brother.

Ann was right. She and her sisters were nice people and that for many reasons. They were willing to entertain their brother's girl friend, even if she was a stranger. Being women they knew instinctively that no woman wishes to dine in another woman's house without a special invitation from the lady of the house. Some men feel the same way and wonder why father or brother always invites them to dinner, and never the mother. Further-

more the written note left no ambiguity as to time or date of the dinner and it was cordial, but not excessively so. It was a most Christian act from every point of view, especially as regards thoughtful consideration of the stranger.

A good illustration of how closely related are Christian consideration and etiquette may be seen from the following invitation recently written by a college graduate in the name of her club.

The Woman's Club of X—most
cordially invites you and your partner
to be present at a Dancing Party to be
given Monday evening, May the Fifth,
at the Community Hall.
Sincerely,
Mary K. Bostonne.

This invitation sins from the etiquette point of view because it begins in the third person, switches to the second, and ends in the first. Most of us would say, What if it does! Good taste will answer that a hodge podge is always objectionable, that we want a man to be a real man, a woman a genuine woman and not half man and half woman. Christian consideration for the *amour-propre* of the guest will answer that the only reason you have for knowing that the invitation is for you is the word, "you" which might mean anyone who happened to get it. If the invitation had read invites "Mr. A and his partner," or "Mrs. B. and her partner," then there would be no uncertainty. Then again the starting in the Club's name and ending with a personal name makes the recipient wonder to whom he is indebted, to the Club or to the one who signs her name. The gift without the giver is bare and Christianity demands that we let a guest know who is inviting him in order that he may be sure of a welcome.

An admirable feature of the invitation, however, is that the letters R. S. V. P., which request a reply, are not written with it. The most elementary kind of thoughtful regard for a hostess will make us accept or decline immediately her invitation so that she may know we are grateful for her attention to us and also so that she may make her plans accordingly. And yet such are the bad manners of the day, or rather the lack of the Christian spirit, that rarely do you find these letters lacking on an invitation. And good reason why. People know that they will get no answer to their invitation unless memories are jogged with a request for an answer.

It is a woman's Christian duty to have something to say to the visiting stranger as well as to write notes, and when talking to the stranger good breeding and Christian charity demand that she talks on subjects that will interest the stranger as well as

herself. A Utah girl studying music in Boston was recently invited to spend the day with strangers who wished to show her kindness and get to know the girl. They did both. The girl was very quiet, and like all shy people, very self centered. "The quietest person I ever met," was the verdict of her hostess. "And yet," she went on, "when I asked her about her music she woke up and talked about it in a most interesting way. But she stayed with me all day and never showed the slightest interest in me. I wonder if all young people are so egocentric."

Sooner or later that musical student has got to learn that she must give as well as take, if she is to play the part of a true Christian in Society. For a few years people will be interested in her because she is young and has talent; but even though her talent may be great, it will never be great enough for her to occupy the center of the stage all the time, in private as well as in public life.

Christian solicitude for the other person is never out of place. It demands that you as hostess for a club meeting at your house should see that the lecturer has a convenient place to stand as well as a table to put his papers and books on. Even a glass of water within reach might make for his comfort and that of his hearers. One Utah professor who has been talking to women's clubs for nearly twenty years says that only three times has he ever found these courtesies in private homes. Talking in a private house is bad enough, under the best circumstances, as the speaker has to send his voice into two or three rooms at once, can see only part of his audience and therefore cannot tell by their mobile faces whether he is boring them or not, and as he is usually wise enough to arrive at least a quarter of an hour late so that his talk may not be interrupted by the late arrival of club members, usually the only available corners left for him are the piano stool or the fire place. Here again a vibrating Christian chord in the soul of the hostess would have avoided much discomfort. She could just as well arrange the seating of her guests so that they would not make a circular funeral audience, but every chair could be placed so as to face the speaker. She might even consult the speaker the day before as to his preferences. Once a club hostess did this, telling the speaker at the same time that she was glad to welcome him to her house; and the speaker, almost speechless at the unwonted thoughtfulness and good breeding shown him, could only murmur to his hostess, "You are a true Christian."

As for unpunctuality in social engagements, we should like to invent a special inferno for negligent late comers. It is hard both on hostess and guest as the following experience will show. Two ladies who were once visiting in a college town were invited

to a lunch at two, to be followed by a social afternoon. In their ignorance of the custom of the country, and having a sacred respect for dinner engagements, they arrived at the house promptly at two with empty stomachs. They were the first to get there. About two-thirty a few others came drifting in and by three-thirty when about forty had arrived and the lunch was served, it was very hard for the two strangers to eat like perfect ladies. Inside, they were ravenous beasts. They learned that afternoon that a two o'clock lunch in that town meant three o'clock at the earliest, simply because the community had fallen into such un-Christian ways that no hostess had ever been able to assemble her guests at a definite time. They also discovered that all the other guests had lunched before coming. Such customs seem barbaric to the stranger as well as a sinful waste of time.

The whole scheme of social intercourse needs no book of etiquette as long as you have the Bible. Searching the Scriptures is the beginning and basis of applied Christianity and Christianity rightly directed bringeth forth good breeding. The Christian golden rule of getting the other man's point of view, of thinking of the greatest good to the greatest number, of cultivating the Christian impulses of generosity and respect for the rights of others, this, more than all else, will make for the highest form of good breeding. It will prevent us from being coldly indifferent to others in matters of gratitude. It will help keep us in that golden mean which knows no vulgar excess. Above all it will give us Christian courage which will not allow us to be shy and self centered, but will make us concentrate so much on the happiness of others that we shall become forgetful of self. Some college girls who had never been in a large city hotel once asked a dean of women how they should behave, how hotel affairs are conducted. The wise dean replied with the Biblical quotations that all things must be done decently and in order and therefore the hotel has a central office and bell boys; and that the laborer is worthy of his hire and therefore if a hotel employee takes unusual trouble for you it is customary to reward him with a tip.

Be Patient, Little Flock

Be patient little flock, and know
That I am near, that every wrong
You suffer weakeneth the foe
And makes the saints who suffer strong.
Be patient just a little while
Thy woes are mine! I am the Lord.
Today's a day of trust and trial.
Tomorrow cometh the reward.

Theodore E. Curtis

A Tribute to John J. McClellan

By George W. Middleton

For genius is justified of all her childern, and the way of the genius is not the way of ordinary men. If the genius should have any eccentricities, we should pardon him, because in him nature has specialized on some lines, and fitted him for a particular purpose. There is an impelling force within him which carries him forward to his destiny in the face of all obstacles. The isolation of remote islands, or of spots in the great desert, where life is reduced to its most meager dimensions, are no barriers to the mandates of genius. Somehow it surmounts all obstacles, and carries its favored son to his destined goal.

The subject of this sketch, Prof. John J. McClellan, was a genius. He was born in Payson, Central Utah, fifty one years ago. In his early childhood he followed the modest ways that were incident to a farming community, and betook himself to the tasks of that station as other boys did. But soon he felt the motion of a hidden fire within, and began to manifest that genius which was one day to make him one of the greatest organists of his time, and carry him far from his native state to meet the great ones of the earth in other climes, and touch their souls with his divine melody.

To a soul attuned as he was to the aesthetic side of life, there was inspiration in the great towering mountains which flanked the valley of his native heath. The birds of the springtime poured their melodies into his responsive ears; the flowers upon the hillside added their mute appeals, but most of all a childhood home where there was sympathy, stood back of him. It is the luck of some women in the great lottery of of life to be the mother of genius, and that is perhaps the climax of a woman's satisfaction. It is particularly fortunate if, as in this case, the mother rises to the situation, and understands the day of her visitation, when the divine messenger is to select from among the generation of men one of her family circle to be honored. The loyal backing of a sympathetic mother is one of the greatest incentives in life for effort. Nature called, and a great soul answered, and the world paid heed.

Prof. John J. McClellan loved music from his cradle bed, and the passion grew upon him with the developing years. It is said that he built a pipe organ out of corn stalks when he was a boy at the farm. He was permitted to hear the great

tabernacle organ in Salt Lake City, and then a dream came into his life, and a resolution to make that dream come true.

At the early age of seventeen he had so far manifested his natural bent, that his people decided to send him to the music school of the university of Michigan at Ann Arbor. Here he came under the tuition of such masters as Platt and Jonas and made rapid strides. By one of his professors he was detailed to assist in the musical program of the world's fair of Chicago in 1893. Some years later he studied under Xavier, Scharwenka, and Jedliczka in Berlin. So that he had ample training from the technical standpoint.

Returning to Utah in 1900 he was made organist to the "Mormon" tabernacle, which position he held until the time of his death. It was he who instituted the method of free organ recitals for the public, which has since become popular through the United States. It was here that Prof. McClellan got his true pace and thousands of people, each year from all climes and countries came under the magic spell of his genius.

With the great organ of the tabernacle his name will ever be associated. Its gentlest whispers were a revelation of the refinement of his aesthetic soul and its mighty crescendos, which shook the very earth, were a manifestation of that hidden fire within, which must of necessity find an outlet to relieve the tension.

It is no exaggeration to say that he stirred the souls of men to their very depths, and from the organ as a center his fame radiated to the ends of the earth. Kings and queens were among the multitude who came here to pay homage to his genius, and went forth to sing his praises.

His activities in musical centers extended far beyond the confines of his native state. He gave successful recitals at three world fairs, and at many of the leading cities of America.

As composer he is best known by his Irrigation Ode, which was widely commended, though he has to his credit very many less pretentious compositions. In person John J. McClellan was a man of commanding appearance. He had the manners of a Chesterfield, and the simple confiding sincerity of a child.

The great outpouring of people which packed the tabernacle to its limit at his funeral was evidence of the love and respect in which he was held. The sympathy of the whole community goes out to his very interesting family.

OBSCURITY

Valleys rich with ripened acres,
  Billowing the tawny plain,
Budding fields and fertile mesas,
  Armied deep with hosts of grain,
Thine a Nation's wealth in keeping,
But no less thy own fair reaping,
Are the blossoms in the furrows
  Straining upward through the rain.

Sloping hills and purple vintage,
  Triumph of the autumn days,
Cradled in the pride of monarchs,
  As the sheaves amid the haze—
Thine the worth yet mid thy teeming,
One who utters not the meaning,
Turns to gold the frailest tendril
  'Mong the tassels of the maize.

Martyrs 'mid the world's vast tumult,
  Heroes of medeival lore,
Beacons ye to gild the cause-ways
  For a million hosts and more—
Yours the light on fame's broad pages,
But the breath that moves the ages
  Is the hope that plants the valleys
  Daily, yearly, evermore!

Bertha A. Kleinman, Mesa, Arizona

EDITORIAL

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah
Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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The Bible

Members of the present generation know more about the Bible as a literary product than other generations have known. The series of books on the Bible as literature, written by Prof. Richard Green Moulton, has done much to quicken the conscience of the English speaking people in this respect. Yet there are periods of time behind us when people had a more intimate knowledge of the Bible than we have. So thorough was their acquaintance with the book that all the writings of the day seemed to take on a beauty of form and majesty of movement characteristic of Bible literature.

We can never forget the fact that the age that produced Shakespeare, the greatest of all our British writers of drama, and Milton, the greatest of our English epic poets, also gave us the inimitable King James translation of the Bible.

We were not a little startled some time ago to hear one of the guest professors of the summer, in one of our colleges, state that the oaths used by the Elizabethan dramatists show a more intimate knowledge of the Bible than our serious writings of to-day.

Whatever be the merit of the books of today, whatever be the line of information imparted, the Bible must always remain the Book of all books. It is a reservoir of information on an infinite number of subjects, and is a pattern of beauty and finish in the realm of artistic letters.

As bread is to our diet, as sunshine is to plant life, so is the

Bible in the realm of books. It is the chiefest and best, and for it there can be no substitute.

William Jennings Bryan

No woman's journal, no religious magazine, can be silent on the death of William Jennings Bryan, least of all a journal that champions the cause both of woman and of religion.

Mr. Bryan advocated Woman's Suffrage long before it became a popular cause with any political party that hoped to win by putting it into its platform. And he advocated it, not because he thought it would win him votes in a political campaign, but because it was inherently right, because it would be an act of simple justice to woman.

As for the other, he was a champion of the Bible in an age when that Book is losing its influence as a religious guide. "The Bible is good enough for me," were almost his last words. His enemies charged that he believed that volume literally, but this was not true. He believed what it says of God, of the immortality of the soul, and of another life, because divine revelation is the only means by which man can learn of these things. He believed God to be a God of power, interested in His creatures here below—not a mere machine-like influence ignoring man and his aims. Also he believed Him to be a personage, after whose image man was made. Bryan's last passionate appeal for the truths of the Holy Scriptures, together with the dramatic manner in which he passed away, will do much to brace timid belief that is on the fence these days and the days to come.

The National Council of Social Work

In his presidential address at the opening session of the National Conference of Social Work, William J. Norton, of Detroit, upheld love as the mainspring of social work. Love he described as the "thin film of protection between the wheels of life which lubricates them and keeps the whole machine from burning out in the merciless friction of living," as the force which "lifts man from the plane of the beasts and stretches his stature upward until he can see and hear God." The same theme expressed in terms of more tolerance and forebearance, less race prejudice, greater protection for childhood and youth, better ways and means of promoting all phases of

human welfare, ran through the eleven sections of the conference.

This was the fifty-second annual meeting of the Conference of Social Work. It was held at Denver, Colorado, June 10-17, 1925. Many noted educators, physicians, judges, statesmen and sociologists appeared on the programs of the various meetings. Utah contributed two speakers to the conference—President Franklin S. Harris of the Brigham Young University, Provo, who, says the July issue of the "Survey," "made a strong plea for mutual forbearance and understanding;" Miss Adaline Buffington, general secretary Charities Organization Society, Salt Lake City, who spoke on the "Automobile Migrant" and whose discussion of the subject called forth much favorable comment. On the program of the general sessions were such subjects as: "The Menace of Racial and Religious Intolerance," the "Child Labor Amendment," "What Shall We Do About War," "Social Aspects of the Japanese Question." The conference was divided into eleven divisions as follows: Children, Delinquents and Correction, Health, The Family, Industrial and Economic Problems, Neighborhood and Community Life, Mental Hygiene, and so on.

The status of women in the new profession of social work and the quality of the leadership they have to contribute was borne out by the election of Miss Gertrude Vaile, a native of Clolrado and secretary of the Department of Charities and Corrections of that state, to the presidency; and the election of Dr. Miriam Van Waters, referee of the Juvenile Court of Los Angeles, to the vice-presidency. Such women as Jane Addams, Grace Abbott, Edith Abbott, Julia Lathrop, Dr. Valeria Parker, Judge Mary M. Bartelme served on committees and contributed to the discussions of the conference.

Utah was represented by forty-three delegates. From the Relief Society were, Louise Y. Robison, Amy Brown Lyman, Julia A. Child, Julia A. F. Lund, Amy W. Evans of the General Board; President Emmaretta G Brown, of the Granite stake; President Electa S. Dixon, of Utah stake; Marie H. Tanner, secretary of Grant stake; Mabel W. James and Bae Williams, of Ensign stake; five members of the staff of the welfare department; and the social worker of Utah stake.

Clarissa A. Beesley, of the Y. L. M. I. A., Oscar A. Kirkham of the Y. M. M. I. A. and Clara W. Beebe of the Primary Association attended the conference.

Baby Wear

Vilate Elliot, Brigham Young University

The clothing course in which baby wear is offered at the Brigham Young University is unique for the reason that the students at the beginning of the course never care to make the articles. They are usually induced to do so by the teacher finding customers who are glad to have them made. Sometimes some member of the student's family is anxious to have them made. It is much better for the student to plan and make them for some friend, or a member of her own family, because in nearly every case, after the articles are finished, they become so much a part of herself she wishes to make them for her own hope-chest.

The desire to become a mother someday is awakened, and as the little dainty articles grow under her fingers, she unconsciously weaves the dreams of her own future into the designs of the tiny article. Long before they are finished they become the most intimate bits of creation. By the time the course is over you will hear some such remark as, "I have promised this to my sister, but I have told her, since it is nearly finished, that her baby may wear it, but I want to keep it."

This comment is always a delight to hear, because I know that deep down in her own heart that maternal instinct of motherhood is strongly implanted. She has made one wee bit of a dress and possibly a gertrude, now she wants to go on and make the whole layette. In this way one of the aims of the course is attained. She will always be interested in making a layette. She will always want soft, dainty materials, with simple bits of handwork adorning them.

A picture of a few of the baby dresses made in class are shown here.

Preceding this class, a course is given in textile decoration where the girls become familiar with different kinds of artistic stitchery; however, the stitches are simple, and can be done easily. These dresses are from twenty to twenty-two inches long, finished.

No. 1 has a hem partially cut out, this hem is finished with an embroidered scallop, a dainty little design is worked in the open spaces; this design is also worked at the neck. The hem design is carried out on the sleeve, giving a cuff effect. The little fine scallop around the neck is continued down to the bottom of the placket. A small piece of selvedge edge is placed under the placket with the selvedge on the opposite side of the scallop and embroidered in with it, this acts as a stay for the button holes.

No. 2 has a heavily padded scallop with a small space of cutwork placed in between each cluster of scallops. A similar design is carried out in the front and sleeves.

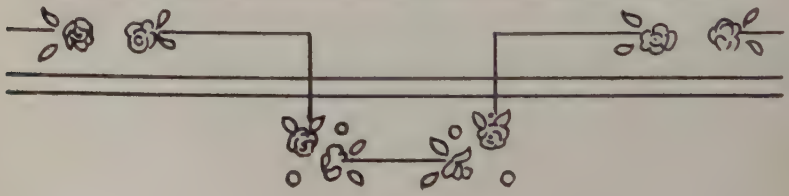
No. 1. No. 2.

No. 3. No. 4.

No. 3 is a dainty scalloped edge with a design, in the center of which is a little cut work.

No. 4 is a little jacket made from a 24-inch square of cashmere, or flannel, the jacket is hemstitched around, then finished with a crochet picot edge. The design is shown below. The colors used are pink, blue, yellow, green and lavender.

In the original the rambler roses on the line were placed to fit the spaces in the jacket. This same design was used on a dress, it worked up well, the roses were placed from three to four inches apart, with the raise, or broken line, in front. A very attractive design can be arranged for the neck and sleeves.



Molly Crossman Breaks a Tradition of Byfield

By Elsie C. Carroll

Molly laid down the magazine she had been reading and gazed out of the window toward the hills which skirted Byfield, on the east. The first yellows and reds of Autumn were beginning to show on the brown slopes, but Molly was unconscious of the fact. She was trying to interpret the vague something which the article she had just finished reading, had stirred within her.

Presently she took up the magazine again and read once more slowly, and thoughtfully, the last part of Laura Drake Gill's "Creed of Work for Women:"

"I believe that every woman should expect marriage to interrupt for some years the pursuit of any regular gainful occupation; * * * * and that she should focus her chief thought during the early youth of her children upon the science and art of wise family life.

"I believe that every woman should hope to return, in the second leisure of middle life, to some of her early skilled occupations—either as an unsalaried worker in some one of its social phases, or if income be an object, as a salaried worker in a phase of it requiring maturity and social experience.

"I believe that this general policy of economic service for American women would yield generous by-products of intelligence, responsibility and contentment."

It was certain words in the last two paragraphs that had gripped Molly. There was nothing new or striking in thought that women at marriage, should give up all other interests and devote themselves to motherhood and homemaking. That was taken for granted—had been taken for granted through long years of progressing civilization. It was the words, "second leisure of middle age," and the "generous by-product of contentment," which had started this unfamiliar groping in her soul.

Gradually it was dawning upon Molly Crossman that the unexplainable loneliness and restlessness and discontent which had been settling down heavier and heavier around her during the past few weeks since Lillian's wedding and departure, and the boy's leaving for college, was something more than the natural void always experienced when members of the family

went away for short periods or long. It was "the leisure of middle age" stretching before her.

Strange she had not seen it coming. Danny had been the only one of the children with them the winter before. But somehow with his High School committee meetings and house parties, Mutual and scout work he had kept things pretty much astir. Then there was usually a dress being fixed over to send to Lillian or a box of "eats" in preparation for Hal, so that she had seemed about as much occupied as in the old days when all six of the children were small enough to be washed and tucked into bed by her own hands.

Dan was a freshman this year and had gone back to college with Hal, and Lillian had married Ted Bronson, the flame of her senior year, and had gone with him to far-away Canada.

To be sure Dick lived just through the lot, but somehow Molly had never taken very much comfort in Dick's home. Lucy was a splendid woman, but her hobby seemed to be the rearing of her children according to the latest scientific methods— which of course was all right—but Molly alway felt that Lucy was constantly in fear that Grandma was going to break in upon the routine of little Mary's or Dickie's schedule.

Janet, their eldest daughter lived in Dale, only fifteen miles away, but she had four small children and found little time to visit. George was on a mission in the Orient and would be gone at least three more years.

There was no doubt about it, Molly Crossman finally told herself that unbelievable day had come when there was time to do every single thing she had planned to do—and more—. There was time to sit and wonder what she was going to do with the long afternoons and evenings when there were no baskets of undarned stockings nor neglected bureau drawers or pantry shelves to leer at her if she sank into an easy chair and thought to give herself up to the pleasure of an interesting story or volume of poems.

Of course, she *might* join the Bridge Club, or the Social Circle. She had fretted considerably in days gone by because she and Richard had neither time nor money to join what Byfield proudly termed its high society. But somehow, now, after the strenuousness of all their years of saving and planning and caring for the children, all that such society stood for seemed so insignificant and such a waste of time!

Richard had been a very successful country lawyer, and they had achieved most of the big things they had set out to do. They had made a good home and had put all the children

through high school, and the four younger ones would all have the privilege of a college education. She and Richard were comfortably fixed for the rest of their lives as far as actual needs were concerned—though, of course, there were a lot of things like sets of period furniture and a larger automobile and a trip to historic New England she had always wished they might have.

Suddenly Molly sat up more erectly. Once more she seized the magazine.

Up to this point she had merely been trying to interpret her vague unrest in the light of the new thought Miss Gill's Creed had given her. Now she searched out these words: "I believe that every woman should hope to return in the second leisure of middle age, to some of her early skilled labor—"

Instantly Molly's mind flashed back to the little millinery shop where she had been working when Richard came to her mother's lodging house that last year at law school.

She had loved her work in the gay little shop of Madame Pirrie, but her's and Richard's courtship had progressed so swiftly that just about the time that Madame had begun to beam upon her work and to exclaim, *"Tres bien, tres bien!"* and to give her now and then a hat to make or remodel for one of the shop's very special customers, which meant that now she was proficient in her work—she found herself wearing Richard's diamond, and life had suddenly become a flutter of excited preparation for the wedding which was to follow immediately after his graduation.

The twenty-eight years since then had been so full she had had no time to mourn for the career she left in the little shop back in her native city, though she had experienced some moments of keen satisfaction when the girls, on different occasions, had expressed delighted wonder over her ability to transform their old hats with a few bits of odd lace or ribbon.

A new light glowed in Molly's eyes. From the stretch of middle-age leisure, which a half hour before had frightened her, now beckoned happy hours of pleasant work and ill-defined promises of period furniture and visits to alluring historic monuments.

* * * *

A few weeks later a card came informing Molly that ten boxes of insured mail addressed to her were at the Byfield Post Office. Richard brought the card when he came home to lunch.

"What in the Dickens does this mean, Mother?" he asked. "Ten boxes of something from Chicago."

Molly's faced flushed. She had used money saved from her personal allowance to pay for the hats; but, of course, she had known all the time there would have to be an explanation to Richard sooner or later. During the previous days while she had been covertly transferring furniture, piece by piece, from the now seldom-used parlor to the attic, and arranging table and improvising shelves, she had been wondering what Richard would say. She had no way of judging what he would think of her plan, because it was so unlike anything she had ever planned before.

"It—it can't be that something has—has happened to Lillian—" Richard's mind still retained an image of the heaped-up boxes and trunks as part of the departure of the bridal pair.

Molly hastened to allay his fears.

"No, Father, nothing is wrong with Lillian. You know we had a letter yesterday. The boxes are some—some—things I sent for."

"But ten boxes. Have you sent for some of that period furniture you are always talking about?" Richard laughed. His expression was almost feminine in its curiosity. The pink on Molly's face was becoming more vivid.

"It's hats, Richard. You know I used to work in a millinery shop before we were married, and I loved it, and now—now the children are all grown and I have lots of time I thought I'd—I'd open a little shop here." Molly had spoken rapidly as if in guilt or fear.

The look of curiosity on Richard's face changed first to astonishment then to self-accusation, as his logical mind attempted to supply the motive behind this unheard of plan.

"Molly!" he fairly gasped, "I haven't—I didn't mean ever to be stingy with you. What is it you want, Mother? Surely I've never made you feel that *you* had to *work* for money." His hand had gone into his pocket and came out with a roll of bills.

"No, Richard it isn't that I *need money*. It is just that I want something to do. You see I've been so busy ever since we were married—taking care of the children—and now they are all grown—and gone, and, well—I need something to fill up my leisure."

Richard threw back his head and laughed in keen relief.

"You women folks beat anything. Always wishing for time to rest and enjoy life. Then when a time comes so you can rest, you hunt work."

"Well, I'll just call around at the office and have those boxes shipped back. Goodness knows you've earned your leisure, and now you're going to enjoy it."

Molly sprang up in alarm.

"No, Richard, I want those hats. You don't understand. I need some really useful work to keep me contented and happy, and Byfield needs a hat shop. Every woman has to go to Dale for her hats.

"But what in thunder will people say—*you* going into business?"

That thought had not occurred to Molly. Even now, it didn't seem important to her what people might say. The important thing was to convert Richard to let her keep the hats. She argued for a half hour and finally he grunted something about, "fool notions and women's inconsistencies," as he arose from the table and left for the office.

Molly hurried across the street as soon as he was gone and arranged with Georgie Bratton to go to the office at once and bring up the boxes.

All afternoon she worked with happy exhilaration even forgetting her husband's disgruntled departure.

The softness of the velvets and ribbons, the brightness of the feathers and flowers, brought back the old days in the Madam's shop so vividly that Molly hardly would have been surprised to have heard and approving *"Tres bien."*

She worked behind closed doors and drawn window shades. The old fashioned bay window would make a splendid place for display.

When her stock had all been arranged she viewed it with delighted satisfaction, and then slipped into her coat and hat and hurried down to the printing office where she knew the *Byfield Semi-weekly Post* would soon be going to press.

Tom Matthews, the managing editor, looked at her with mingled surprise and sympathy when he read the advertisement—she had asked him to run.

"Has—has—anything happened, Mis' Crossman?" he asked solicitiously, perhaps feeling that he must have recently missed an important news item about the business failure of Judge Crossman.

Molly shook her head smilingly.

"No—nothing has happened yet, but I hope a lot of people *will* happen into my store when they read that ad."

Molly was beginning to realize that there was a tradition in Byfield, based on the supposition that married women with husbands were supposed to confine their time and interests within the four walls of home. That this tradition was fixed in the minds of her own sex, as well as in the minds of the real breadwinners, was also evidenced shortly and in a manner that at first riled Molly, then amused her.

Ellen Thompson was the first one of her neibhbors to spy the bay window the next morning with its neat placard: "Crossman Hat Shop"

She rushed in upon Molly, all excited.

"Why, Molly Crossman, what ever's happened?"

"You're the first one that's happened," Molly laughed. "Don't they look gorgeous? There's one that will just suit you, Ellen, I thought when I was unpacking it. That looks just like Ellen Thompson. Its rich peacock-blue pan velvet with the cutest little pompom. Do come in and try it on."

But amazement on Ellen's face had only deepened.

"I—I—can't, just now, Molly. I—I just wondered if—if—something had happened to Richard. I've got to hurry back to the children." She moved from the door with a curious, baffled expression which irritated Molly immensely. She tried to keep surprise out of her tone, as she said:

"Well do come over when you have time and see what I have. I thought a millinery shop was one thing Byfield certainly needed. I used to work in one before I was married, you know, and thought I'd enjoy taking up the work again, now the children—now in the—the second leisure of middle age when I haven't much to do." She groped hopefully for Miss Gill's illuminating words, but they had fallen wasted on Ellen's ears. Her expression still said, "Are you crazy? or has something really happened to Richard?"

Molly noticed that Ellen didn't, "hurry back to the children," but that she rushed up the street to Nora Gilman's. Fifteen minutes later she saw Nora accompany Ellen out of her front gate. They were talking and gesticulating earnestly. Nora had a pitcher in her hand and she was ostensibly going on an errand, but Molly knew she was coming down the street to get a view of her window. She passed Ellen's and went on to Edie Jone's where Molly saw her and Edie appear at the front door a moment later.

During the next hour a half dozen more of the Crossman neighbors passed up or down the street, presumably on some piece of business, but they all cast such wondering, curious glances at Molly's window that she knew they had "heard" and were passing to see.

About ten o'clock, Betsy Helper came resolutely down the street and turned in at Molly's gate. Molly, who had passed through the various stages of surprise, resentment and anger, as she had been forced to realize the attitude her neighbors were taking, gave a sigh of relief at the sight of Betsy. She and Betsy Helper had been close friends for twenty years. Of course Betsy would understand.

"Molly Crossman, what on earth are you doing?" Betsy demanded, as she entered the door Molly had thrown open for her.

"Don't you know the whole town is talking about you and wondering if you and Richard are separating, or if Hal has got to gambling, and has lost a lot of money, or what is the matter?"

Molly gasped. Then she burst into angry tears.

"Betsy, this town is crazy. Can't a woman do a little bit of honest work besides dishwashing and sweeping and scrubbing and tending babies without being looked upon as a freak?"

"Why, of course, she can. Mary Hart bakes for travelers and Susie Crampton tends the Post Office and Daisy Darton goes out sewing. But they're all widows and have to do it for a living. But the idea of you sitting up in business when Richard is one of the best to-do men in the town! They can't understand it!"

"Well, its time they broke loose from some of their old fogy traditions, then." Molly said determinedly. "I think its's too bod if a woman has time on her hands she can't do something useful that she likes to do, just because her neighbors haven't happened to think of it."

At this point Dick's wife, Lucy, came in at the back door. Betsy reading in her face that she had "just heard," slipped out the front door to avoid being an intruder.

"Why, Mother Crossman, what's this the neighbors are saying? Belle Peters says you've got a lot of hats in your parlor window and a millinery sign."

Molly felt the calm of desperation coming to her. She had always felt a little in awe of Lucy who was so up-to-date and modern. But some how now she was sure she herself had grasped one modern idea Lucy had not yet glimpsed.

"Why, yes, Lucy. I have a fine lot of new hats—just got them yesterday. I was going to have you come over and pick one out. It's such a bother to have to go to Dale every spring and fall. I want to give you one for your birthday."

She was interrupted by the quick click of the gate, and the well known sound of Richard's hurried strides, on the graveled walk. At Molly's first sight of his flushed, exasperated countenance, as he bounded up the steps waving a fresh copy of the *Byfield Post*, her senses of humor came to relieve the tension of her overwrought nerves.

"Mother," he fairly bellowed. "What in thunder do you suppose you're doing with this crazy hat notion of yours? It's all over town that I've failed. My office is full of men who think I owe them something or who have an idea it's their duty to help me over the crash. What in thunder—!"

Molly had sunk into a chair convulsed with laughter! Her husband and daughter-in-law looked at her in amazement, then with perplexity, and increasing alarm, at one another. Lucy was the fisrt to speak.

"Shall—shall I go for Dr. Trent?" Molly laughed harder than ever. The consternation in the faces before her growing more and more ludicrous to her.

"Molly, for heaven's sake, what is the matter?" Richard's voice was full of fear.

"I've never known her to have hysterics before. She—she hasn't seemed just right since Lillian and the boys left, but I didn't realize—hurry Lucy, get the doctor, quick, and send Dick over—I'll try to get her to bed—Molly, darling? can't you control—?"

With a mighty effort Molly did control herself just in time to keep Lucy from runing for the doctor.

She stood up and called Lucy back.

"Don't go for the doctor, Lucy. I'm not crazy like you think: It just struck me as about the funniest thing that ever happened, this fuss you are all making over my poor little window of hats. Both of you sit down and let me show you what is responsible for my supposed aberration." Molly returned with a magazine.

"Read that," she handed the paper to Lucy who looked up from the title with a quick look of appreciative understanding.

"A Creed of Work for Women." Why, Grandma, this article must have the power of contagion. When I read it, it made me hungry to keep on with my music lessons. The only objection I have to it is that Miss Gill has not seen quite far enough. She should have said that during the years of baby-tending the woman should plan to give some thought and time to her former profession—exchanging work with her neighbors or doing something to make it possible. If I could go out an afternoon or two a week and give music lessons like I used to, I really believe it would help me to be a better wife to Dick and a better mother to the babies—a woman does need a change of thought and some outside interest to keep her fit for the big job of homemaking. Here Grandpa, read that—and understand—while I go in and look at the hats."

Molly intuitively recognized a new something in her daughter-in-law's attitude. She somehow suddenly became aware that she wasn't going to feel ill-at-ease around Lucy and the children any more—they were going to be comrades.

"Why, Lucy it *would* be nice for you to keep on with your music. You could bring the children over here. You know I'd love to have them."

"That will be fine, Grandma. You see I could hire a girl to

tend them, so it wouldn't tire you, but if they could just be here so I'd know they were safe—really in better hands than my own," Lucy's voice was enthusiastic. Richard Crossman watched the two women as they disappeared into the parlor—his face still puzzled—then he turned to the article Lucy had given him.

When he had finished reading he pondered for several minutes, a look of amusement gradually coming into his eyes. Finally he went to the parlor door.

"Well, you women folks beat anything," he bantered. "Never satisfied. I expect you'll soon want to be trading work with the men—or taking it all over." He started toward the street door, but turned back.

"Say, Mother, what am I to tell those fellows hanging around my office?" he asked with a grin. "And what are you going to tell the whole neighborhood of women you've set a-buzzing?"

For a moment Molly hesitated. A shadow of the morning's exasperation passed over her face. But presently she squared her shoulders and threw back her head. "What will we tell them? We'll tell them that Molly Crossman has broken through a foolish tradition of Byfield and she is going to invite the rest of the women to follow her."

Beatitudes

Lula Greene Richards

Peace, Heart—dear Heart!
The darkest hour can never be
So dense but Truth can reach us.
And Faith, the strongest power of all
Will penetrate the blackest pall,
And where earth's deepest shadows fall
By light from heaven our eyes can see
The lessons Hope would teach us.
Peace, peace dear Heart!
Trust, Soul beloved!
Behold a heavier cross than thine
And hasten aid to render.
The one by whom that cross is borne,
Wronged thee, perhaps, but yestermorn,
Yet Charity's fair mantle worn
By thee will waken Love divine,
Forgiveness sweet and tender.
Trust, Soul beloved!

The Editor Abroad

By Alice Louise Reynolds

MORE ABOUT ITALY

From Florence we pass to Genoa, the city whose name must ever strike a responsive chord in the heart of the American. We confess to a distant thrill, when looking from our bedroom window, the morning after our arrival in Genoa, we saw the statue of Columbus. Our ardor was just a little dampened when on inspection, at closer range, we discovered that the sculptor knew very little about the Indian; for his Indian resembles nothing so much as the cultured white with a feather or two in his hair. We could not help feeling that it is a great pity that the American and Utah sculptor, Cyrus E. Dallin, could not have a hand, even at this date, in making the needed improvement. We, of course, were shown the house in which it is said Columbus was born, and "specimens of his handwriting," as Mark Twain calls them, and models of the three ships used by him when in quest of the New World. These things were all interesting, but what impressed us most of all was the wisdom of the Almighty in providing that Christopher Columbus should be born in a sea-port town, whose harbor was probably then, as it is now, filled with ships, and where one might see from the bay ships coming and going all the time. The Lord works on natural principles, and the life which Columbus saw as a boy would naturally have a tendency to make him yearn for and think of lands beyond the sea.

From Genoa we shall go to Pisa—Pisa the city of the Leaning Tower is important because of its beautiful churches built of Carrara marble, for the Carrara quaries are only a short distance from Pisa. The Latter-day Saints, and very possibly the people of the Baptist church, may find themselves greatly interested in the Baptistry, to be found in the vicinity of the Leaning Tower. The font, which is very beautiful, combines various colors of marble, for the Carrara quarries produce marble of seven different colors, the white being the best: the other quaries such as the quarry at Seinna produces other colors. The font, truly made of precious marble, which in all probability was thought of as precious stones, was used to baptize by immersion. Outside is a cemetery to which fifty-three shiploads of earth have been brought from the Holy Land, and where one of the most diabolical paintings, that of the Last Judgment, may be found.

Milan comes next as we move along. It is the city of the famous Gothic Cathedral, which consumed practically four cen-

The Baptistry at Pisa

turies to build, and which is adorned with about two thousand statues. This church is also one of the large churches of the world, as it will hold forty thousand people. In looking at the cathedral, we have thought that if there can be such a thing as a poem in stone, this cathedral is surely a poem. Karl Baedeker speaking of it says, "the effect of the whole is almost fairy-like, especially by moonlight. It is in the city of the Milan that we find the celebrated "Last Supper," by Leonardo De Vinci. It was painted on the end wall of a rather small room, of the church known as the refectory; it was the place where the monks ate their meals. So much for the Milan of the past. The Milan of the present is a flourishing city. More modern than most Italian cities, our party felt. In any event, in its famous opera house, the best of Italian opera may be heard.

Venice was the last city in Italy that our party visited. It is unique among all the cities of the world; it is the city that claims to be the resting place of Mark, the Evangelist, consequently he is its patron saint. Its great church on San Marco, or St. Marks square does not look like St. Peters at Rome, nor like the Cathedral at Florence and Pisa, neither does it look like the magnificant Gothic church at Milan. The great church of Venice borrowed its style from the East. It has been said that we can never understand the art of Venice until we regard Venice as a suburb of Constantinople, for the church is similar in architectural details to the churches of the East.

Venice is a city where the clang of the horse's hoof is never heard upon the pavement, neither does one hear the honking of

the horn of the automobilist; the whistle of the train may be heard if one is nearby the station. The only sounds that greet the ear from the street is the splashing of the oar of the gondolier, in his path. Occasionally if one is very fortunate one may hear the gondolier singing the airs from Italian opera; such was our good fortune on our first visit to Venice, in 1906.

Yet Venice has a life all its own ,and if the light from the automobile does not attract the eye of the pedestrian, still he may see the black gondola with its headlight darting in and out from unler the numerous bridges that cross the canals in his path. The square of San Marco church is very lively. In the day time it is haunted by tourists and pigeons, who not unfrequently come together, for the pigeons have a habit of alighting on the tourists shoulders at the moment he is having his photograph taken. Then, everywhere in the square one sees among the shops, displaying pretty Venetian wares, refreshment rooms where many people come for afternoon tea and ice cream, and where the bands play the airs of popular songs and Italian opera.

Byron speaks of Venice enthroned upon her hundred isles, rising sphinxlike from the sea, as by the enchanters wand. Venice has felt the touch of the enchanters wand, but that enchanters wand is the touch of William Shakespeare and George Gordon Byron. The Rialto Bridge was built in the sixteenth century, and might easily have been discarded by now, for the more modern iron bridge, only that Shakespeare had peopled it in the Merchant of Venice, thereby immortalizing it. The Bridge of Sighs might easily pass unnoticed, although it has a palace and a prison at its side, had not Byron by a word, perhaps, decreed that it should never die.

We have written briefly about some of the most important cities of Italy. The modern Italians may not be painting as did Leonardo De Vinci, Raphael or Andrea Del Sarto; they may not be building churches like St. Peters, although St. Paul's without the gate is greatly to their credit; they may not be able to place within these churches such marvelous statues as the Moses by Michelangelo, but they have produced in late years very beautiful Italian opera, and far more than their share of beautiful voices to sing the opera their gifted composers have produced. A few days ago in the city of Vienna, we heard a lady speaking of a tenor, Alfred Piccaver by name, she called him the English Caruso; it was the highest compliment she could pay him. We would call the attention of our readers to the fact that in a very short time, Italy has buried three great artists, Caruso, the singer; Puccini, the composer, and Eleanor Duse the actress, so that it is apparent that Italy has a present, as well as a past, for no country can bury great artists, in its own name, unless it has first produced them.

But it is not only great singers, great composers and actresses

that Italy is producing, at the present time, besides these it is creating many beautiful articles of handcraft. Every city has its specialty, making just the sort of thing that the tourist loves to pick up to bring home as a present to a relative or friend. Naples, for instance, takes the rough shells from the Mediterranean Sea, and fashions them into shapes for use as brooches and rings, and what is most wonderful carves upon them masterpieces of art, so that tens of thousands of people see in the brooch or ring they are wearing the matchless form of an Athena, a Flora, a Venus, an Apollo or a Hermes. In Rome we found the lovely silk shawl with the long fringe so fashionable at present, while the Roman pearls are, likely, a permanent product.

In Assisi, the birthplace of St. Francis, after whom the city of San Francisco is named, three members of our party purchased exquisite luncheon sets; the handmade designs are taken from Giotto the first of the great Italian painters. Giotto did some of his best work in Assisi. In Florence the Mosaics are a specialty. Flowers, birds, and ornamental jewelry are made by these skillful workmen. One marvels at the way in which the color of the flower or the bird is reproduced in stone.

In Pisa we saw not only churches of Carrara marble, in delicate tints, but a goodly number of shops where workmen were

THE FAMOUS DANTE'S HEAD BY GIOTTO

fashioning the rude blocks of marble into copies of a Venus, A Thorn Extractor, or perhaps the head of Giotto's Dante. In Genoa we saw people at work making jewelry in silver filigree, broockes, bracelets, napkin rings, in fact an endless variety of things.

Venice has been noted for many years for both superb lace and glass. In the factory we saw eighty-two women at work making the lace that has such a high market value. For five hundred years the Venetians have been using glass to make choice articles for decorative purposes. There is scarcely a palace in the world that does not possess at least one chandelier of Venetian glass. The work done today seems more beautiful than ever. They have copied designs from both fruit and flower to good effect. The decorative receptacles for light made from both grapes and the wisteria, seen climbing about the porches of many of the palaces of the Grand Canal, are exquisite in the highest sense of the word. Today Venice is producing an endless variety of beautiful glass beads, very much appreciated by women seeking beads to match or contrast with their gowns.

It has seldom happened in the history of a people to have twice a great past; yet this is the glorious heritage of the Italians, who have the past of the Caesar and the past of the Renaissance—both of them great. This it is that gives Italy first rank among places of interest in the world; this is the secret of her interest particularly to the trained traveler.

So well has this later generation conserved what is left of the great output of former generations that today Italy may be regarded as a hostess nation, for not the least of her many responsibilities is to prepare for and take care of the stranger within her gates. This responsibility she is living up to and magnifying in some instances. A reminder to our party of the last statement, is the fact that when we left Florence, a city whose name means flowers, we are presented with a very beautiful bouquet by the proprietor of the hotel.

Humility

Our Lord has said that we should be,
All clothed with deep humility;
For He resists the proud and vain,
And those who do His laws disdain.
If we wax strong in righteousness
And all our faults and sins confess;
Our faith will then much firmer be,
In humbleness we'll bow the knee.

Elsie E. Barrett

Calories for Safety

Jean Cox, State Supervisor of Home Economics Education

No less authority than Dr. Mary Swartz Rose, of Columbia, is responsible for the statement that: "The most important single factor in nutrition is to adequately meet the energy requirement." This means that the food supply must not only meet the demand made by various forms of activity but in addition must meet maintenance and building demands of the individual. If this requirement is not met, careful consideration of ash, vitamines and proteins are insufficient in themselves to bring the individual into optimum physical well being. In a very recent statement, Mrs. Rose maintains that "too much attention is now being given to vitamines and not enough to calories." In order to equalize interest in different phases of nutrition it seems wise to discuss energy requirements in terms of calories.

It is not difficult to think in terms of calories if you consider it as merely a heat unit of measure just as the gallon is a unit for measuring liquids, the yard stick a means of measuring cloth, etc., and the thermometer a device for measuring temperature. The calorie represents the heat value of foods burned either outside or inside of the body. The heat value or caloric value of foods is measured outside the body by burning foods in the bomb calorimeter which makes it possible to measure accurately the amount of heat furnished by the combustion of a known amount of food. Devices for measuring the amount of heat or energy required for different kinds of activity have been measured by other kinds of calorimeters. It has been found, for instance, by use of the baby calorimeter that a crying baby consumes much more energy than the sleeping child. The variation has been accurately measured by carefully measuring the amount of heat given off by the crying baby and comparing it with the amount of heat or energy used by the body of the sleeping infant.

A friend contributes the following boarding-house experience: Most of the boarders were outside workers whose energy demands were above the average. It was the exception when the table did not supply a generous amount of food in terms of calories. Meats, rich in gravies, frequently hot breads, vegetables and rich desserts were the foods usually served in abundance so that this "surprise meal" was conspicuous to the food chemist. The menu that evening consisted of a stew in which the very lean meat was not tender enough to eat. In addition to the meat there was a generous amount of young carrots, turnips and string beans. The menu also included crisp radishes and lettuce which might be eaten

with vinegar and sugar or salt, very light rather dry bread and butter, jello, without whipped cream or sauce of any kind, and watermelon. The men ate generously of everything but the meat. No comment was made by the person who knew that the meal was largely water, vitamines, cellulose and mineral salts. The next morning in answer to a casual question as to what they had done the previous evening, the man whose energy requirements were highest, answered, "I got so hungry about nine o'clock that I went over to the drug store and ate a banana special." Two other members of the group admitted eating candy which was not in their usual schedule.

A rough estimate of the calorie requirement of this "surprise meal" shows the following:

Stew, large portion, (1½C)	250 Calories
(More eatable meat and more fat might have furnished an additional 200 calories.)	
Radishes and lettuce, large serving	20 Calories
Sugar, heaping teaspoon	50 Calories
Three slices very light home made bread	200-300 Calories
Butter, two cubes 1" x 1" x ¼"	200 Calories
Jello ½C.	100 Calories
Watermelon 2" large slice	90 Calories
	1130 Calories

To show that hunger was a natural result from this kind of a meal it is interesting to note that the energy requirement of a man in different occupations would be:

Occupation	Calories per man per day
In bed twenty-four hours	1600—1800
At rest but sitting most of the day	2000—2300
Work chiefly done sitting	2200—2800
Work chiefly done standing or walking	2700—3000
Work developing muscular strength	3000—3500
Work requiring very severe effort	4000—6000

The men at this boarding house had an early breakfast and a box lunch, so that they were getting approximately 800 to 1000 calories at each of these meals. The kind of dinner listed above would not finish meeting the energy requirements and keep a man of this activity up to normal weight. When a person has to resort to eating between meals it is well to question the boarding house.

The following tables from *Feeding the Family*, by Rose, show the comparative values per pound of common foods in terms of calories:

I. Foods Rich in Protein

	Calories Per Pound of Edible Uncooked Material		
Beef, dried, lean	817	Cod, fresh, steaks	329
Beef fresh, lean	709	Cod, salt	473
Beef, tongue, fresh	719	Egg whites	231
Cheese, cottage	498		

II. Foods Rich in Fat

Bacon	2836	Olive oil or cottonseed oil	4082
Butter	3488	Salt pork	3555
Cream, thick	1727	Suet	3425
Lard	4082	Walnuts, English	3199
Oleomargarine	3410		

III. Foods Rich in Carbohydrates

Apples	285	Dates	1575
Bananas	447	Honey	1480
Cornstarch	1632		
Molasses	1301	Sugar, granulated	1814
Potatoes, white	378	Tapioca	1608
Rice	1591		

VI. Foods Rich in Both Protein and Fat

Almonds	2936	Milk, whole	314
Beef, fat	1357	Peanut butter	2741
Cheese, American	1994	Peanuts	2487
Eggs	672	Sardines	1221
Egg yolks	1643		

V. Foods Rich in Protein and Carbohydrates

Beans, dried	1564	Macaroni	1624
Bread	1174	Milk, skim	166
Buttermilk	162	Oatmeal	1810
Farina	1641	Oysters	222
Lentils	1541	Peas, dried	1612

VI. Foods Rich in Cellulose and Water

Cabbage	143	Lettuce	87
Celery	84	Spinach	108
Cucumbers	79		
Squash	103	Watermelon	137
Tomatoes	103		

Occasional checking on calories is essential to determine whether or not energy requirements are being met.

If your child is not doing satisfactory work in his grade, or if he is behind the grade that he should be in for his years, it is possible that there is too wide variation between the calories he needs and those he eats. This variation is shown in charts showing relationship between weight and height. In checking on this it is important that the child be weighed in the same clothing at the same time of the day and on the same day of the week or month. If your child is normal weight for his height it is probable that his calorie intake is sufficent. If your child is more than 15% underweight, he should be considered ill, for when he is mare than 15% underweight there is too much danger from low resistance, imperfect development and instability of the nervous system, to insure good health. From the standpoint of safety the child should be kept evyr close to, or better, a few points above his normal weight. Dr. Emerson of Boston found that the malnourished

child averaged six physical defects to one or less for children properly nourished.

There seems little room for doubt that one of the chief causes for malnutrition is an unwise selection of food. Mothers do not always realize the difference in food values of different foods. Some have not learned the importance of constantly checking the physical condition of the child in terms of height, weight, good appetite, good digestion, good color, good disposition, cheerful expression, bright eyes, glossy hair, sound teeth and firmly developed muscles. In contrast, the malnourished child is usually irritable, nervous, forgetful and inattentive, has small or crooked bones and lacks mental and physical vigor.

It is the mother's responsibility to see that those under her care should eat food right in kind and amount. While there is no question that fruits are appetizing and that some should be used every day, they are too bulky to be substituted for concentrated foods. A boy eight years of age, for instance, who needs 2000 calories a day would not be well nourished on twenty large apples a day. While this number would supply the caloric requirement, it would be inadequate in terms of protein and fat and would also be lacking in vitamine C and low in vitamine B and A. If this boy should eat eight or twelve apples a day and as a result should have little appetite at meal time, he will probably lose weight in terms of muscle tissue and body fat as well as suffer loss in calcium, iron, and phosphorus. This deficient diet will not help him to make satisfactory progress in school. Dr. Holt found that a safe over-weight is usually found in specially promoted pupils as they are less easily fatigued, have increased resistance and better concentration than those suffering from malnutrition. Neither muscle tissue, nerve or bone can be developed or maintained unless the right kind of food is furnished to the child as well as adult.

At this season of the year garden stuff and fruits are so abundant this discussion is timely. Dr Hedger tells the following: "The weight curve for all of the children in an orphan asylum declined sharply in a certain week in October. When the superintendent was asked as to the cause, she replied, "Oh, that was apple week. Every year at this time we are presented with several barrels of apples and the children are allowed to help themselves. They eat so many that they do not eat much at meal time."

Growing children cannot afford too many "apple wweks" when their normal weight curve suffers interference. This is especially true in vacation time when they should be making a steady gain in weight as health insurance to carry them over the year in school. Frequently, irritability and whining in children might be easily traced to unbalanced diets which did not provide adequate energy and growth requirements. The under nourished baby cries and frets because of discomfort from lack of suf-

ficient food. The growing child is also uncomfortable and cross if he does not have a sufficient amount of the right kinds of foods.

In terms of calories foods must be classed as concentrated and bulky. Concentrated foods such as fats, sugar, grains, dried meats and fruits contain little water and consequently have high caloric value. Bulky foods such as green leag vegetables, root vegetables, fresh fruits, milk and stock soups contain relatively large amounts of water and as a result have low caloric value.

Because of the low water content the most concentrated foods are fats, as one level tablespoon of butter, lard, etc., is equal in caloric value to one medium sized head of lettuce or pie plate full of uncooked spinach. It is equal in fuel value to about two tablespoonfulls of sugar and four tablespoons of dry granular cereal products. Double this amount is necessary of flaked cereals. An average sized potato is equal in terms of energy to four medium sized carrots. Dried foods such as beans, peas have more food value than the more bulky foods such as fruit and vegetables. One quart of soup stock without fat or vegetables is equal in fuel value to three-eighths cup whole milk. Further information on this can be obtained from *Feeding the Family* by Rose.

In order to safeguard your family, balance your menus. With a light meat course, serve a dessert that is rich with energy giving foods. With a heavy meat course, serve a light dessert that will be easily digested. When starchy vegetables are used, serve a light salad. With bulky vegetables, such as cabbage, a salad consisting of some concentrated food such as nuts, raisins or cheese should be chosen. Don't serve stock soup, green onions, radishes, lettuce and water ice or rhubarb at one time. Give your family credit for being able to drink some of the water they require.

Cost of foods is not always an indication of their full value. Tomatoes out of season for instance at 20c a pound furnish an expensive 100 calorie portion. Foods costing less than 1c per 100 calories are cereals, bread, beans, cheap fats and sugar. The house wife interested in the problem will be glad to know that Mrs. Rose is writing a new book which gives additional light on this important problem. The Bureau of Home Economics, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., has published recently some interesting food charts showing food compositions. These may be obtained by writing to Dr. Louise Stanley, Bureau of Home Economics, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. and inclosing ten cents for the cost of the charts. Many of the high school textbooks in foods furnish additional information on food values in terms of 100 calorie portions.

The intelligent homemaker must be constantly alert to the never ending problems in the "food game."

Of Interest to Women

Conducted By Lalene H. Hart

Will you suggest some way of saving time in planning meals that are economical and satisfying?

One woman solves her problem of "What to have for dinner" by using twelve envelopes, one for each month. After using menus she considered well balanced, she wrote menus and recipes on a card and slipped into the envelope. When the same month came again, much time was saved by just glancing at the cards. Many new ideas were suggested and gradually new menus added.

I have trouble in keeping groceries, if I buy them in very large quantities, although it is cheaper to do so. Can you help me out of the difficulty?

Unless one has proper storing space for the materials used, it is not economical in the long run, to buy in large quantities. The habit of dating all groceries and supplies that come into the house is a good business method. The articles longest on hand can be used first and nothing need spoil. The dates may call attention to what you may be forgetting to add to your menus. It is also interesting as well as economical to place date and price on things only frequently renewed. Good management, and good judgment in purchasing materials is the best solution of the problem.

An excellent saver of time is to keep on hand a jar of plain sugar syrup made in the proportion of 2 cups sugar to 1 cup water. It can be used with fruit juice in making water ice, lemonade or punch, etc, or used for hot cakes. Different flavorings or colorings may be added for variety.

Save all the vaseline, cold cream and other similar bottles, Clean and sterilize thoroughly. Fill with jam, jelly, preserves, etc., or use for fresh fruit. They make excellent containers for the lunch basket.

When making long, narrow belts, sew a string on the end and keep inside while stitching. When the belt is sewed, pull the string to turn right side out.

For a convenient and useful sewing basket, I secured a cheese box. From a thirty inch board, one inch thick, I made the legs two inches wide. These I fastened to the outside of the cheese box with screws. The lid I used as a shelf below the box. I padded the inside with a thin layer of cotton batten and lined

it with silkoline. The remainder I stained a golden oak. I now have an attractive and useful article.—*Mrs. C. A. B., Rigby, Idaho.*

When hemming dishtowels, use three or four threads of colored strand floss in the bobbin of the machine, instead of ordinary thread. This makes a neat hem and adds a decorative touch without extra work. Other household linens, also aprons and children's clothing, may be finished this way with good effect.—*Mrs. Grace V., Price, Utah.*

A good recipe for corn relish which is easily made is the following:

1 dozen ears of green corn.
1 head of cabbage.
4 large, green peppers.
2 red peppers.
1 pint brown sugar.
1 tablespoon horse-radish,
2 tablespoon mustard.
Salt to taste.
1 quart vinegar.

Cut corn from cob, grind or chop other vegetables and mix other ingredients. Boil thirty minutes. Bottle and seal air tight. Do not use vinegar too strong.—*Mrs. R. A., Moab, Utah.*

When corn on the cob is old and turns yellow when cooked, add one or two tablespoons of vinegar to the water in which it is cooked. The corn will be tender and white without injuring the flavor—*Mrs. E. H. Clifton, Idaho.*

When there is a little oatmeal mush left and a small bit of cream or milk, both put in one dish and save to use in making hot cakes for breakfast next morning. It does not matter if the milk turns sour because a little soda can be used, with the other leavening agent. These cakes are delicious and after trying them once you are tempted to cook enough cereal next time to have some left over. If a larger amount is on hand, add more flour and drop in hot fat and fry as doughnuts. Serve as hot cakes with syrup, jelly or jam.—*Mrs G. A. M., Salt Lake City.*

All vegetables that are wilted may be made fresh and crisp again by letting them stand an hour or so in cold water to which a little vinegar has been added If there are any bugs in the leaves they will come to the top of the water.—*Mrs. P. C., Salt Lake City.*

An easy way to clean painted wood work is to use equal parts of vinegar and kerosene. It will not mar or remove gloss as does

the soap and water. Wash as you would with water.—*Miss E. N. J., Howell, Utah.*

Carrots make delicious preserves. Slice thin, enough for two quarts. Cover with water and boil until tender. Measure and add equal amount of sugar. Add two lemons sliced very thin Cook until thick and clear.—*Mrs. G. S., Burley, Idaho.*

When griddle cake or waffle batter is left from breakfast, use it to dip steaks, cutlets or croquetts in and fry for dinner. Preserved ginger gives rice or sego pudding a delicious flavor.

A Ripe Peach

By Ivy Houtz Woolley

You tempt me to eat,
Downy ripe peach,
With the tint of your blossom
Glowing pink on your cheek.
I cannot reach you,
You nestle so high
Among the green leaves;
They fan you tenderly
And keep from your pinkness
The summer rains,
And temper the glow of the sun.
Soon you will be
So full of sweetness
That your stem will not hold you.
Then I shall look for you
In the soft grass below.
You tempt me to eat,
With the tint of your blossom
Glowing pink on your cheek.

Notes from the Field

Amy Brown Lyman

California Mission.

The accompanying photo gives an idea of a very successful bazaar given by the Sacramento Relief Society from which was netted the sum of $240. The Senior girls and the Bee-Hive girls of the Y. L. M. I. A. assisted with booths of candy, popcorn, and fancy novelties. The Y. M. M. I. A. had a balloon booth. A very delightful program was rendered, followed by dancing.

The Sacramento Relief Society, California Mission

Not only was the bazaar a success financially, but also socially, every one claiming to have had the most enjoyable evening of the season.

By giving suppers in addition to this bazaar, the association has been enabled to turn in over $700, for the new chapel. The Sacramento Relief Society has a very energetic and enterprising group of officers with Mrs. Almeda Green as president, Grace Garlick and Edna McBride, counselors, Mrs. Alice Y. Jarvis, secretary, and Lulu Weckworth, chorister. The teachers and members are most loyal and are ever ready to cooperate in any undertaking launched by the organization.

Logan Stake.

The Logan stake Relief Society board recently entertained in honor of the local officers, bishops of wards, and their partners. The party was held at the Brigham Young College, and given in

appreciation of the excellent work done by the officers during the past season. The first part of the evening was spent in the Nibley Hall where a very fine musical program was rendered and the two-act play, "Out of Work," was very ably presented under the direction of Miss Leora Thatcher. This little drama most beautifully portrayed the ideal we are putting into effect through the social service work of our Relief Society, and we feel that the message we desired to convey to our officers and bishops was very clearly defined through it. The latter part of the evening's entertainment was spent in social pastime, and refreshments were served.

Juarez Stake.

At the last Relief Society conference, all of the wards in the stake, reported that they had made some effort towards establishing maternity bundles, layettes, and burial clothes. Most of the wards have chests for their maternity bundles and emergency supplies, but none so far have built especially for the purpose. Each ward has held a very successful Relief Society conference on Sunday afternoon.

South Davis Stake.

One of the most enjoyable events of the South Davis stake Relief Society this season was the celebration of the eighty-third anniversary of the organization. About five hundred Relief Society officers and teachers met at East Bountiful and participated in a fine program followed by a jolly play hour in which the oldest lady present (ninety years) took an active part. Delicious refreshments were served. The day was so thoroughly enjoyed that the six hours passed as one.

The Relief Society work is appreciated, as is shown in the attendance at the monthly union meetings as well as the marked improvement in the presentation of lessons. The standard of music has been raised as the result of a series of lessons given by Mrs. Stella Bradford. Some of the wards are receiving help from the clinics while others are making preparation to establish clinics in their respective localities. The maternity bundles and the layettes are proving very useful. By the purchase of a small $30 hectograph, outlines and articles relating to and supplementing the teacher's topics are placed in every home by the teachers. Each season the officers and members of the stake meet at Farmington and participate in testimony and song service which proves to be a spiritual uplift. This is followed by a visit to the Lagoon resort where a social afternoon is spent including a luncheon and clever entertainment by the Farmington ward.

Tintic Stake.

The Tintic district held two very successful child welfare conferences in June, in Eureka and Goshen, with the Tintic stake

Relief Society, the Red Cross and other organizations affiliating. It is the plan to follow up with conferences in August. First of all, the children were weighed and their teeth examined, then turned over to a nurse and physician where a thorough examination was made along the most approved lines. It was rather surprising to learn that many were found to be badly in need of medical attention. The physicians in charge of the conference consulted with the parents and advised them regarding the proper methods of treatment to correct the defects, some of which are by no means serious, but in a few instances the children are in need of close attention. In Eureka 112 children were examined, and but 25 of that number were free from defects. In Goshen 95 children under school age were examiined.

Nebo Stake.

An outstanding social event in Nebo stake was the "get acquainted" party given recently in the second ward amusement hall by the members of the Nebo stake Relief Society board. The hall was transformed into a bower of spring loveliness with trailing vines and delicate shaded blossoms. Two hundred guests were seated at three long tables decorated with potted plants and cut flowers. The banquet was served at seven o'clock. President Hepsy S. Lewis delivered the address of welcome and introduced Mrs. Ada S. Clayton as toastmistress. The stake presidency and high council were toasted in an original song by the stake board members, after which President Lee R. Taylor responded. Mrs. Annie L. Curtis spoke for the ward Relief Society presidents and the four ward presidents of Payson sang an original song. Bishop Alfred R. Wilson spoke for the ward bishops. A musical program followed, after which the board members presented an extremely humorous play, "The Sniggles Family." The grotesque costumes and the efforts of the players at entertaining produced much merriment. Dancing was enjoyed for the remainder of the evening. The invitations were in the form of a clever poem and were sent to the presidents, counselors and secretaries in each Relief Society in the stake, also to the bishops and their counselors, stake presidency and high council. The majority of these, together with their partners, participated in the splendid entertain ment.

REORGANIZATIONS

Yellowstone Stake. (Twice reorganized within the year.)

On January 11, 1925, the Yellowstone stake was reorganized and Mrs. Julia E. Miller was honorably released as Relief Society stake president, after serving sixteen years. Mrs. Miller was sustained as a stake board member, in 1907, in the Fremont stake, and in 1909, when the Yellowstone stake Relief Society was first

organized, she was called to act as president. At that time there was no uniform course of study in the Relief Society, and Mrs. Miller assisted in formulating the outline used for study in the various wards of her stake. During her presidency, the stake Relief Society paid one thousand dollars toward building the Yellowstone stake tabernacle in which one room was reserved and furnished especially for the Relief Society. Carpets were put in the gallery and on the steps, and matting was put in the aisles. In order to raise the money, dinners and stake bazaars were given. A few years later twelve hundred dollars was raised and was used in furnishing six rooms at the L. D. S. Hospital at Idaho Falls. The Relief Society has also assisted in securing county nurses and arranging for clinics which have been held throughout the communities.

All the people of the stake joined in honoring the retiring presidency of the stake and Relief Society presidency on January 24. Mrs. Miller was presented with a wrist watch and her two counselors, Mrs. Lucy P. Lloyd and Mrs. Elizabeth N. Hammond, each received brooches.

A social was also held February 21 at the home of Mrs. Rost H. Fogg in honor of Mrs. Miller and all the women who had served on the Relief Society stake board during the sixteen years since the organization. A short program was given and a two-course luncheon was served.

Mrs. Miller has been a most efficient and devoted president. She has manifested rare intelligence in the performance of her duties and has succeeded in placing the work of the Yellowstone stake on a high plane. She has won the love and respect of the General Board members, and the Relief Society workers generally, and there is a deep appreciation throughout the organization for the long and efficient service she has rendered to the Relief Society.

Mrs. Annie S. Kerr was appointed president to succeed Mrs. Miller, and she and her co-workers began their work in good earnest; but due to change of residence which occurred unexpectedly early in the summer, Mrs. Kerr asked to be released and her request was granted at the conference held in Yellowstone stake July 19. At this same time Mrs. Lucy P. Lloyd was named as president to fill the vacancy caused by the resignition of Mrs. Kerr.

Salt Lake Stake

At the quarterly conference of the Salt Lake stake, held in the Assembly Hall, March 15, 1925, Mrs. Nettie D. Bradford was honorably released as president of the Salt Lake stake Relief Society, after eight years of efficient and faithful service. Her release was due to change of residence. Mrs. Bradford was one of the most capable and progressive stake presidents in the whole

organization, and will be greatly missed by her former co-workers. The co-operative welfare work between bishops and ward presidents in the Salt Lake stake, instituted by President Nephi L. Morris and Mrs. Bradford, is an example of organized effort, helpfulness and efficient service that might be adopted with profit by all stakes in the Church. Mrs. Bradford was recently appointed a member of the General Board of Relief Society. Mrs. Vilate N. Bennion, former counselor in the Salt Lake stake, was appointed to fill the vacancy caused by Mrs. Bradford's resignation. Mrs. Elizabeth C. Williams and Mrs. Rosa Belle H. Ashton were chosen counselors to Mrs. Bennion, and Mrs. Nellie P. Morton was selected as stake secretary-treasurer.

In honor of the retiring president and board, a luncheon was given on June 1, 1925, at the home of Mrs. Vilate N. Bennion, when a beautiful traveling bag was presented to Mrs. Bradford.

Malad Stake

The Malad stake Relief Society was reorganized March 28, 1925. Mrs. Eliza Hall who has served so effectively and efficiently as stake president for fourteen years, and previous to that for twenty years as a stake board member, resigned her position and was honorably released. Mrs. Hall has been a tireless and enthusiastic worker and has overcome many obstacles, incident to building up the Relief Society organization. Her sweet spirit and untiring devotion to the work has endeared her to all the members of the stake. Besides her Relief Society work, Mrs. Hall has reared a large family, almost alone, as her husband died in the mission field, leaving a family of nine children. She has also reared two motherless grandchildren and labored unceasingly among the sick and needy.

On May 11, a reception was held in honor of Mrs. Hall and the retiring Relief Society stake officers. Those present were the stake presidency and the old and new boards, with their partners. A very interesting program was rendered and expressions of appreciation were given for the splendid service rendered by those retiring from office. Refreshments were served and President Hall was presented with a beautiful white dress and other gifts. The other retiring members were also remembered with appropriate gifts.

On May 30, an excursion to the Logan temple was held in honor of President Hall. About one hundred people participated and gave their service in the interest of Mrs. Hall's family.

The new stake board members appointed are as follows: Mrs. Ella J. Richards, president; Mrs. Nellie Dredge and Mrs. Martha Hill, counselors; Mrs. Margaret M. Parry, secretary-treasurer; Mrs. Esther Mifflin, chorister; Mrs. Thelma Hoarse, organist; Hattie P. Howard, Mary Crowther, Hilda Richards, Mary Gibbs, Phoebe Smith, and Sarah Reynolds, board members.

Guide Lessons for November

LESSON I

(First Week in November)

Theology and Testimony

THE ABRAHAMIC DISPENSATION, CONCLUDED

A. Joseph

1. The Spirituality of His Parents.
His father, the first "Israelite," a man who worshiped God, was visited by divine messengers, was given a new name, and was blessed by the Lord with a renewal of the promises made to his father Isaac and his grandfather Abraham. His mother was a prophetess. (See Gen. 30:23.)

2. His Theological Career.

(a) The dreamer. (See Gen. 37:5, 9, 10.)
The Lord gave him two prophetic dreams. As an evidence that these dreams were something more than the result of physical conditions, or day-thoughts we have the jealousy aroused by their recital. It appears, too, that the promptings of the evil one were not limited to the minds of Joseph's brothers. Seemingly, both of his brothers and his father were afraid of those dreams, and this very fear was certain proof that they believed in them.
Joseph innocently found himself hated by his brethren and chided by his father for dreaming dreams which were interpreted as prophetic, not by him but by others.

(b) His Inspirational Superiority as a Business Man. (Gen. 39:2-5.)

(c) His Defense of Chastity in the Name of God. (Gen. 39:9.)
Note the ethics of the first part of Joseph's defense, and the religion of the last part of it.

(d) An Interpreter of Dreams.

1. The Prisoner's Dreams. (Gen. 40.)
The theological value of this reference is in the question, "Do not interpretations belong to God?" Prison walls may hold the body of a seer, but they cannot curtail the vision of his seership.

2. The King's Dream. (Gen. 41.)
The magicians failed before they tried. Joseph, in answer to the request of the king for an interpretation, declared himself unable to give the interpretation by say-

ing, *"It is not in me."* Then with the faith of which James speaks, the faith with which Joseph Smith went to the Grove, Joseph declared: "God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace." This was the utterance of a prophet. How much time it took for Joseph to ask God for wisdom is not stated, but the prophecy was fulfilled by the Lord who gave Joseph the power to see the coming events for Egypt, and authorized him to *reveal* what he saw. And so we see Joseph, the persecuted, the once slave, the recent prisoner, now in all the majesty of a prophet, seer, and revelator, standing before a troubled monarch and revealing truth for the subsequent preservation of Egypt and his father's household from starvation.

3. The Lord's Promise to Joseph.
   (a) Promises concerning a deliverer of Israel from Egyptian bondage. (See Book of Mormon, II Nephi 3:10, 17.)
   Joseph as a seer saw the bondage of his people, but this bondage did not come in his day. Israel was free in Egypt as long as Joseph lived. (Gen. 27:12.)
   (b) Promises concerning the coming of Joseph Smith the Seer. (II Nephi 3:7, 8, 9, 15.)
4. The Death of Joseph.
   With the passing of Joseph it appears that authority to lead in the name of the Lord was taken from Israel in the earth. With its departure Israel's woes began to increase. While Joseph lived Israel was the honored guest of Egypt; soon after he was gone Israel became slaves of the Egyptians. (Gen. 47:13; Exodus 1:13-22.) The light of revelation, went out and Egyptian darkness of mind prevailed.
   However, the heroism of the Israelite women seems without parallel. They bore children in the midst of serfdom. It must have been their belief in the prediction of Joseph concerning the coming of a deliverer, and their faith in the promise made to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, that made it possible for them to face the future, bearing and rearing families that aroused the jealousy of the Egyptians and created alarm in the government. Nothing could daunt the women of Israel from obeying the first commandment.

B. A Brief Summary

Standing at the end of the Abrahamic Dispensation and looking back to the beginning one cannot fail to see the handdealing of the Lord with a few of His elect, for the benefit of the whole

human family, and in the presence of it all one is ready to exclaim, "What hath God wrought."

Great families were brought into existence both by the covenant line of Abraham's posterity and the non-covenant line. Isaac was favored of the Lord (See Gen. 17:19) but Ishmael was not forgotten (See Gen. 17:20). God gave Jacob twelve sons and he also provided for Esau to be the progenitor of a race of dukes. (Gen. 36:40-43.) As to Egypt, God made that pagan nation a center of spiritual gifts, and a source of temporal salvation through the instrumentality of the one Israelite, Joseph. Where is the record of any revelation in the land of promise while Joseph was in Egypt?

The Abrahamic Dispensation was one of *miracles*. It was a dispensation of miracles from the calling of Abraham out from an idolatrous people to the calling of Israel into pagan Egypt. Divine interposition was manifest in behalf of the great and the small. The prayer of Abraham for deliverance from the knife of the Egyptian priest was answered, and the cry of the lad Ishmael for water was heard by the Lord. In each case, an angel came to the rescue. The inspiration that led to the union of Isaac and Rebecca was shared by both: the same God that guided Jacob, gave to Rachel the spirit of prophecy.

The pre-mortal gradation of spirits was shown to the dispensator, but whether he revealed it to his people or not is not of record, but he wrote it and it comes to us through the revelator Joseph Smith. (See Book of Abraham.)

Questions and Problems.

1. Give scriptural evidence that Rachel was blessed with the spirit of prophecy.
2. How do you account for Joseph's dreams being taken so seriously by his brethren?
3. If we are to believe Joseph's own testimony, what was the source of his business success?
4. Show that both ethics and religion formed a part of Joseph's defense of his chastity.
5. Wherein was Joseph (a) a seer, (b) a prophet, (c) a revelator when interpreting the king's dreams?
6. How did Joseph try to comfort his brethren and save them from a continuance of the cuts of conscience? (Gen. 45:48.)
7. Connect theologically the lives of Joseph, sold into Egypt, and Joseph Smith the Prophet, through the Book of Mormon.
8. Name the three great provisions made in God's promise to Abraham. (Gen. 22:17, 18.)
9. How is the Pearl of Great Price related to the Abrahamic Dispensation?
10. Discuss the Abrahamic Dispensation as one of family building.

11. What new revelation of record was given in the Abrahamic Dispensation?

12. Discuss the absence of miracles of healing in the Abrahamic Dispensation.

LESSON II

(Second Week in November)

Work and Business

TEACHERS' TOPIC FOR NOVEMBER

"Thou shalt thank the Lord thy God in all things." (Doc. and Cov. Sec 59:7.)

1. Thanksgiving Day is the one national festival which turns on home life.
2. It is an annual time of thanksgiving for the mercies and bounty of the closing year.
3. For the blessings and mercies we have enjoyed, thank Him who gave them.
4. Resolve to make the coming year still better and bigger with more of service and less of self.
5. Have the children tell how and why this custom of celebrating Thanksgiving Day was established.
6. Mothers should embrace every opportunity to teach their children the blessing of thankfulness.
7. A special prayer of thanksgiving in the home on Thanksgiving Day would be productive of great good.
8. Let us all cultivate the spirit of thankfulness on all days of the year.

LESSON III

(Third Week in November)

Literature

HENRY VAN DYKE

Henry Van Dyke has done an extraordinary thing, in the field of letters, by writing essays that are as popular as the novel at a time when the novel has crowded the essay into remote and dusty corners of the libraray shelves. Dr Van Dyke has a long list of prose works to the credit of his ability and industry. Among them readers generally will recognize such titles as the "Blue Flower," "The Other Wise Man," "Fisherman's Luck," "The First Christmas Tree," "The Open Door," as well as a score of other works, for Dr. Van Dyke's books have been good sellers. They are wholesome to the last degree and fortunately for the reading public, they have found their way into many homes.

Henry Van Dyke was born in Germantown, Pa., on November 10, 1852. He is the son of the Reverend Henry Jackson and Henrietta Ashmead. He was graduated from the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn, in 1869, and in 1873 was awarded his Bachelor of Arts degree at Princeton University.

Dr. Van Dyke has studied extensively both at home and abroad. Successive periods have found him in the Princeton Theological Seminary, University of Berlin, Washington and Jefferson University, Wesleyan, and Pennsylvania Universities, so that his education is cosmopolitan in its nature.

In the year 1877 he was ordained a member of the Presbyterian Ministry. He was married December 13, 1881, to Miss Ellen Reid of Baltimore.

Dr. Van Dyke has carried three lines of work in his life. To many he is known as a minister of the gospel; to others as a Professor of Literature, for he was Professor of Literature in Princeton University until his appointment by President Wilson as Minister to the Netherlands and Luxemborg.

His third line of work is that of a writer, and to this we owe the long line of books that may be found bearing his name in libraries all over the country.

He filled the post of minister to the Netherlands and Luxemborg with distinction, resigning after several years of service. Many of the readers of the *Magazine* will recall his visit to Salt Lake City, and the West, when he traveled in a party headed by William Howard Taft, in the interest of World Peace. He makes his home at Avalon, Princeton.

No doubt his interest in his fellow man as a teacher of religion is responsible for such books as "The Story of the Psalms," "Sermons to Young Men," "The Gospel for a World of Sin;" while his position as Professor of Literature led him to write "The Poetry of Tennyson," "Modern American Writers," etc.

His poetry has attracted a good many readers, and to that phase of his literary work we shall more particularly devote this lesson.

Indian summer may have passed when Van Dyke's poem, bearing that title, is considered, yet lingering memories of it will assist class members to appreciate the touches of the haze of the season, and other characteristics of Indian summer, that appear in the poem.

INDIAN SUMMER

A silken curtain veils the skies,
And half conceals from pensive eyes
The bronzing tokens of the fall;

A calmness broods upon the hills,
And summer's parting dream distils
A charm of silence over all.

The stacks of corn, in brown array,
Stand waiting through the tranquil day,
Like tattered wigwams on the plain;
The tribes that find a shelter there
Are phantom peoples, forms of air,
And ghosts of vanished joy and pain.

At evening when the crimson crest
Of sunset passes down the West,
I hear the whispering host returning;
On far-off fields, by elm and oak,
I see the lights, I smell the smoke,—
The camp-fires of the Past are burning.

Nothing is more natural than that Henry Van Dyke, who is a member of the ministry, should write poems, occasionally, that have a touch of one who has devoted his life to teaching the gospel, as he understands it. In an organization including as many mothers, as we have in the Relief Society, we feel it would be a mistake not to include the poem called "A Mother's Birthday."

A MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY

Lord Jesus, Thou hast known
A mother's love and tender care:
And Thou wilt hear,
While for my own
Mother most dear
I make this birthday Prayer:

Protect her life, I pray,
Who gave the gift of life to me;
And may she know,
From day to day.
The deepening glow
Of joy that comes from Thee.

As once upon her breast
Fearless and well content I lay,
So let her heart
On Thee at rest,
Feel fear depart
And trouble fade away.

Ah, hold her by the hand,
As once her hand held mine;
And though she may
Not understand
Life's winding way,
Lead her in peace divine.

I cannot pay my debt
For all the love that she has given;
But Thou, love's Lord,
Wilt not forget
Her due reward,—
Bless her in earth and heaven.

Ah! hold her by the hand,
As once her hand held mine;
And though she may
Not understand
Life's winding way,
Lead her in peace divine.

Henry Van Dyke spent much of his time in Europe, consequently his poems are full of touches that call to mind well known places in Europe. In 1908 the lonely island of Sicily was shaken by an earthquake, that wrought a great deal of destruction. Sicily is one of the spots that calls the traveler back again and again, because nature has been so lavish with lovely trees and beautiful bright-colored flowers, and a blue sea and a blue sky. Mr. Van Dyke feels the beauty of this favored spot of earth, which he recounts in a poetic way, in his poem called "Sicily," written at the time of the earthquake:

SICILY

O garden isle, beloved by Sun and Sea,
Whose bluest billows kiss thy curving bays,
Whose light infolds thy hills with golden rays,
Filling with fruit each dark-leaved orange-tree,
What hidden hatred hath the Earth for thee,
That once again, in these dark, dreadful days,
Breaks forth in trembling rage, and swiftly lays
Thy beauty waste in wreck and agony!
Is Nature, then, a strife of jealous powers,
And man the plaything of unconscious fate?
Not so, my troubled heart! God reigns above,
And man is greatest in his darkest hours.
Walking amid the cities desolate,
Behold the Son of God in human love!

Much as he loves Europe, like all patriotic citizens he loves his own land best. We include in the lesson two of his poems that express his appreciation for the land of his birth, and the land of which he is an honored citizen. The first is "America," the second "America For Me." This last poem is a very great favorite, and is often made a part of patriotic programs, so we have selected it as the last to be considered in the lesson on Henry Van Dyke:

AMERICA

I love thine inland seas,
Thy groves of giant trees,
  Thy rolling plains,
Thy river's mighty sweep,
Thy mystic canyons deep,
Thy mountains wild and steep
  All thy domains;

Thy silver Eastern strands,
Thy golden Gate that stands
  Wide to the West;
Thy flowery Southland fair,
Thy sweet and crystal air,—
O land beyond compare,
  Thee I love best!
March 1906.

AMERICA FOR ME

'Tis fine to see the Old World, and travel up and down
Among the famous palaces and cities of renown,
To admire the crumbly castles and the statues of the kings,—
But now I think I've had enough of antiquated things.

So it's home again, and home again, America for me!
My heart is turning home again, and there I long to be,
In the land of youth and freedom beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

Oh, London is a man's town, there's power in the air;
And Paris is a woman's town with flowers in her hair;
And it's sweet to dream in Venice, and it's great to study Rome,
But when it comes to living there is no place like home.

I like the German fir-woods, in green battalions drilled;
I like the gardens of Versailles with flashing fountains filled;
But, oh, to take your hand, my dear, and ramble for a day
In the frendly western woodland where Nature has her way!

I know that Europe's wonderful, yet something seems to lack:
The Past is too much with her, and the people looking back.
But the glory of the present is to make the future free,—
We love our land for what she is and what she is to be.

Oh, it's home again, and home again, America for me!
I want a ship that's westward bound to plough the rolling sea,
To the blessed land of Room Enough beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.
June, 1909.

Questions and Problems

1. Select the words and phrases in the poem "Indian Summer" that are descriptive of the season.
2. Select some phrases from his poem "A Mother's Birthday," that indicate that he is truly a devout man and that he has faith in Jesus Christ.
3. Has Henry Van Dyke helped you to feel the beauty of Silicy, if so, what means has he taken to do so? State the location of Sicily. If convenient show the class members where it is on the map.
4. Has he stimulated your patriotism? If so, tell how?
5. If there are members of the class who saw Mr. Van Dyke on his visit to the West, let them tell the class something about his appearance and his address.

LESSON IV

(Fourth Week in November)

Social Service

FAMILY RESPONSIBILITY

The discussion of various types of special problems, which have been analyzed in the previous lessons, all have a definite relation to family welfare, and the development of normal family life. No matter what particular outstanding problem presents itself in a family, it can never be treated successfully, if it is not related to the whole family structure. The sick mother, the man out of work, the delinquent girl or the runaway boy who come to the attention of social agencies are not isolated phenomena, but are the obvious manifestations of some family failure or maladjustment.

As social work becomes more specialized, there is a tendency for agencies dealing with special types of problems to observe and study only the particular outstanding manifestation. The physician and nurse are more aware of the diagnosed tuberculosis or heart disease, than of the home or work environment which produced the disease. The probation officer is

often more concerned with equitable property settlement of the boy who breaks windows or steals a bicycle than with the social forces that motivated the act. The child-placing agency may emphasize the advantages to the child of finding a new home for it, without weighing the effect on the parents of removing the child from its home. The teacher may attempt to find the causes of dullness or unruliness in the activities of the schoolroom, when the real source of the difficulty may be in a sordid or unsympathetic home.

The home is the most important single factor in determining the health, the behavior, and the progress of individuals. The family is the unit of society, through which the individual makes his first interpretation of life and makes his first adaptation to the art of living. While it is true that his degree of health and his measure of intelligence are largely determined at birth, the development of his powers is determined by his later experiences. The home, more than any other factor, will promote or curtail his health, habits, attitudes and conduct.

The family is the medium through which the child gains his social heritage. The early environment will often determine whether success, happiness and mental physical health or the opposite, failure, morbidness, mental and physical impairment are to be the fate of the individual. It must be remembered that the first five or six years of a child's life are the most important in development of physical vigor, in forming habits, and in acquiring social attitudes. It is obvious that a child reared in a refined, orderly home, in a pleasant neighborhood, has a set of experiences completely different from the child born in squalid, poorly managed home, in a rough and ugly neighborhood. While the unfortunate child's responses and reactions cannot be exactly predicted, yet it is apparent that his unhappy environment is a factor in his life's experiences that will affect his development.

To understand and treat health, behavior, or economic problems, requires a knowledge of the family fabric. To be unaware of the character of the family and to ignore its influence, will make any social treatment end in failure. The individual is such an integral part of family social unit, that any adjustment made without understanding the relation of the individual the family is bound to be ineffective and even harmful.

When the relation of the individual to the family is understood, it is then possible to measure the social factors in the situation and to place a proper emphasis on the particular problem. To be specific, one occasion for social study was

that of a sixteen-year-old girl who had run away from home. The girl felt that her responsibilities at home were too strenuous. Her mother was a widow, working away from home, living on a limited income, and the girl's part in the unattractive home life, was caring for the children. She was tired of the routine, and was ambitious to study stenography. An interested respectable friend was willing to let her work for her during the day, as housemaid, and attend evening school.

A modern individualist would perhaps maintain that the girl's preferences should give her the right to plan her life as she wished. But the facts of her own limitations and her part in the family unit should not be ignored. It was learned that the girl had just finished grammar school and had been rather dull at school work. Her enthusiasm for further study was inspired more by the prospect of being an attractive, well-dressed office girl earning fair wages than by any ability or aptitude for the work. It is perfectly understandable that her uneventful life in a drab home, would inspire such an ambition, and that desperation would drive her to run away. She was willing to admit that her earnings and her help were needed at home, and she had many misgivings about her desertion of her mother and younger sisters.

The solution to the girl's difficulty, viewed in relation to her family, was not in the escape she had planned. With no assurance of her own success or happiness, it would be questionable whether her desertion from the family group should be encouraged. Her desire to earn money and be relieved of home drudgery, however, should be given consideration. After a time this was accomplished, and it was then possible for the mother to spend more of her time in the home. It happened that the girl did get her wish to be employed in an office, but she was spared the expense and almost certain failure that her first plan presented.

The family unit presents this interdependence of its members in various forms, emotional as well as economic. The members of a family are bound by strong common interests and affections, and perhaps the greatest satisfaction and happiness in life results from the family comradship and sharing of one another's successes. If the emotional bond and strong family affection exists, as it does in most homes, it is quite natural for the members to share one another's burdens in time of difficulty. Family affection and family pride usually come to the rescue when one of its clan has met with some misfortune.

The fact that the family is an economic unit makes dependence upon one another only natural. The parents during

their best years devote their lives to their children. As the parents, with age, lose their earning power, it is to be supposed that the children, now grown, assume the financial burdens. The first responsibility for any financial problem should be assumed by the family, and not by church, state, or social agencies.

Family responsibility does not end with the mutual care of its members. The family, too, is a part of a larger unit—the community and the race. If the family fails to function satisfactorially, the good of the larger units must be considered, and the state reserves the right to interfere with its activities—removing children or incarcerating irresponsible parents. But the strength of society and the fullest realization of individual expression is to be found in wholesome family life, where individuals hold together by a strong natural bond, and work together for their mutual good. (Ref. *Normal Life,* pp. 183-185.)

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS

1. How does the family life influence an individual's development?
2. Why should an individual's problem always be related to his family?
3. Why was it advisable to discourage the girl in the incident from her first plan?
4. Why should families be responsible for the care of its helpless?
5. Why are family attachments usually essential to normal living?

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